Setting Ashore Through the Surf-A Burn of Yankee Profantty -- An Official Editorial-By Horse Car to the Capital-A City of Soldiers and Martini Notne-A. Heer Menopely - The Flogging of a Sallor Oddities of a Good Severament.

For startling interest and variety the journey from the port of Acajutla, Salvader, to San Salvador, the capital of the nation, is probably unequalled by that to be made over any other route of equal ength in the world, and the startling features of the trip meet the traveller "butt end on," as a log driver would say, his first experience being the most startling of

Acajutla is the chief port of Salvador, al-though it is but an open roadstead and no port at all. The village is only a tiny collection of houses built on a volcanic bluff overlooking the There is not even a good beach on which to land a small boat, and there are treacherous ship has come to ruin. Still there is an anchorage, and one of the off-shore reefs will break the waves when the wind is in one particular point of the compass. And then when the waves do not come from the right point to break themselves, the Captain of a ship can get up anchor and steam out to sea. So Acajutla has been considered by the authorities as a good enough port for Salvador. In consequence, a concession was given to a company to build a there, on which cargoes might be landed, and a slender steel structure that looks very frail, but is probably sufficient for the purpose has been extended from the bluff out a hundred feet or so into water deep enough to accommodate ten-ton lighters. At the outer end, to which the lighers come, the floor of the pier is about forty feet above high water.

The traveller comes to Acajutla on a steamnight he may see Salvador's live volcano constantly pouring out flame, smoke, and some lava. It stands a long way back from the port. but it is everywhere known in the region as the lighthouse, and it does in fact enable the navigator to find the anchorage as a lighthouse

The ship having come to an anchor, a lighter manned by natives comes alongside. It is somewhat like a huge whaleboat—sharp at both ends, broad, clean-lined for a barge, and strong. It is handled by means of cars that seem enormously long and heavy for the size of the boatmen, and so, in fact, I guess they or less effective strokes than those of Acajutla. The great sweep of the oars which the boatmen of Amapala gave to their cars when rowing barges to the beach furnishes a comparison which if odious will be at least interesting and instructive to the traveller.

However, in spite of their piddling me tions, the crew get the boat to the ship's ide and there it is partly filled with boxes and bales of merchandise, after which a double chair, in shape very much like the double seats of a Coney Island Ferris wheel, is hoisted out of the ship by a crane, the passenger gets into it with hand baggage, and is swayed out and lowered to the lighter.

The first thing I noticed after reaching the lighter was the fact that there was a deal more of a swell on than I had supposed while on the deck of the big steamer. The seas from the Pacific had handled the ship so majestically that I had forgotten them. But once I was in the barge the motion became greatly exaggerated, because I could not only see the big ship roll to and fro, but the barge rose and sank and plunged about in a way that was painful. As we shoved clear of the ship and pulled away, the plunge of the barge increased rapidly. The water was shoaler, and the long rollers were snubbed and shortened and piled up higher and higher as they travelled on. Though somewhat experienced in seafaring matters. there was no repressing a feeling of apprehen-sion that deepened into well-defined dread as I saw that we were heading straight toward the black, overhanging bluffs that rose right out of the booming surf. The end of the pier did, indeed, project beyond the smoother of the breakers, but as we neared the place I saw that each roller hurried us on at a rate the plodding oarsmen could not control. Then, just as the first of a series of three waves much larger than usual overtook us, the men took in all the oars but two used in steering the boat and all but these two men with oars gathered in a group in the middle of the barge to grasp a rope that we could see hanging from a crane d from the side of the outer en of the pier. They were all talking together and gesticulating to each other and to the Captain in the stern, who in his turn was getting red in the face with his gesticulating and shouting. And so the first big wave came and car ried us shouting and gesticulating and swaying about until within two boat lengths of the pier. For a moment we wallowed there low down in the slack water, and then came the second great wave.

Pitching the stern high up on its crest and burying the bow until the rail was almost awash, the wave drove us literally a whooping toward the black bluffs. A moment later we were under the rope, the crew made one wild grab together, a man on a thwart slipped and fell headlong among the rest, the rope dragged uncaught across the struggling mass, and on we rushed right into the roaring smother under the cliff.

As said, the startling experiences of a jour-

ney from a ship to the capital of Salvador meet a traveller, but on rushing helplessly in a heavily loaded barge on the crest of a big wave into the pounding surf at the foot stirring experiences of my life. And yet, as matter of fact, I was in no danger at all-not even in danger of a wetting, save as some of the foam of the dancing breakers splashed over the rail. The bargemen there very often fail to catch the rope that hangs for them, but their boat never, or at worst rarely, reaches the rocks. The cliff beside the pier extends down below the water perpendicularly. So the boat, although carried in most fearsome fashion bounding water and driven back by what may se called the overtow. That was what happened to my barge, and we actually floated out a length beyond the pier. Then we came back in with another wave, and this time the boat men caught the rope and got a turn around the thwart with it. We were all right then. but we were swaying to and fro, pendulum fashion, and that was not pleasing to the un-accustomed. They had a steam crane with a chair attached, which was used for hoisting passengers from the barges up to the pier but I thought I wouldn't wait. There was a substantial steel ladder from the water up to the pler floor, and it was a climb of only forty feet. I was absolutely sure the ladder wouldn't break, but I did not have the same confidence in the rope that seemed to hold the boat off the rocks. So I climbed the ladder. As I reached the floor of the pier a pleasant-

hoat off the rocks. So I climbed the ladder.

As I reached the floor of the pier a pleasant-faced man with a brass backe on his hat met me and said:

"Two dollars."

"What for?" said I.

"It is the charge for landing."

I guess there was a swindle amounting to \$1.50 in that charge. According to the charter of the company they are to collect 50 cents only from each passenger who passes over their pier. I did not know then what the legal fee was, but (and this is worth telling, because it illustrates the ways of the region), if I had known the correct price it would have done no good to protest. The officials, so far as I have no doubt he told the truth. He said further that the soldiers were kept on guard to support the Government." I guess that was true also.

Cellas is the name of a tree that grows to anomaly a suppose the from a very picturesque feature in Central American landscapes. At an enormous size, and forms a very picturesque feature in Central American landscapes. At cellas is the end of the railroad, enough of these trees are found standing among the look of the said on the said in whath. When I asked a man if the soldiers were kept on guard to protect the property from there were from three to ten soldiers on every much. As fall carried muskets, and people told me 'the muskets were kept long during the history in the soldiers of the said nothing but lounce about with muskets in was indignant. He said the protect he property from there were kept on guard to protect the property from there of a protect he property from there of the said on thing but lounce about with muskets in wastel and when I asked a man if the soldiers were kept on guard to protect the property from there of the population than the United States.

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chorage than off the present pier. Back of this beach one can find in the woods the remains of an old town-a convent's walls, paved streets, ruins of house walls, a plaza, and so on. Probably this town was overthrown by an earthquake, and the people were induced by real estate speculators to rebuild at the precent

There has always been some talk about renoving the port back to the old site, but I do not think it will ever amount to anything. The pier owners, who pocket 40 per cent. annual dividends, will object. Moreover, the Government has let a contract for a new The foundations, 210x153 feet large, were completed when I was there.

From Acajutla a railroad runs north en route to the capital. There are two trains a day each way over the line. The station is peculiar in that it is much like some terminal stations in the United States. It is a great shed with a shingle roof, and I cannot remember seeing any other shingle roof in Central America. A train was found made up ready for the morning's trip to Sonsonate, a run of two hours, and a distance of perhaps twenty miles. The train had a first-class car, a second-class car, two freight cars, and a slat-walled cattle in no way novel until just before 8 o'clock, when the passengers began to arrive. Then I observed that the stock car was for the accommodation of first-class passengers. These come to the station in almost every instance riding either horses or mules. Reaching the platform they dismounted and then, instead of sending their animals to a stable, as would have been done in the United States, they led them into the stock car, where they were se-cured by halters. Those who were to make a through passage put their animals as near the ends of the car as possible, and those for intermediate stations near the foor. In Salthere are no cabmen waiting at the stations to shout, "Hev a cab?" The pas-sengers, on reaching their destinations, merely lead their animals from the stock car, as a Yan-

kee would get a valise from a baggage car, and,

mounting, they ride away.

The majority of the second-class passengers vomen bound to the market at Sonsonate. They came on foot to the station, each one carrying a big basket or bundle of something for sale on her back, where it was supported by a strap that was passed across the forehead. I did not see any one carrying bundles in that fashion between the Isthmus of Panama and Acajutla. But that was not the most remarkable thing about these market women. At least twenty of them came bringing baskets, and, of course, I looked into basket seemed to be two-thirds full of live fat, gorgeous-colored snakes, wriggling and twisting about continually. A closer inspec-tion showed, however, that the baskets held iguanas, the lizards that form an important part of the food of the region. They were from eighteen inches to two feet long, and were rather thicker in proportion to the length than Yankee lizards. It may make the reader shudder to think of it, but roast iguans and iguana soup are both very palatable dishes, after one has overcome prejudice. The poor beasts in the baskets were treated very cruelly. Their legs were lashed across their bellies by tying two claws or toes together, and, in order to get a sufficient length of toe to hold the lashing well, the feet were split, and the strings Besides that their mouths were sewed shut, other, until they were at least eight or ten as cruel as that of the Yankee dealer in chickens, who puts them alive in such a shallow

The country along the route to Sonsanate was all cultivated, cane and corn, as I remember, being the chief products. A plough was seen in one field, and that was the first plough that I had seen during the journey from Panama. However, it was not very much of a plough. It was made from a forked tree. One fork had been cut to a length of fourteen feet and the other to a length of say twenty inches. The cend of the long part was lashed to the yone of a pair of oxen. The short end was rooting through the loam as the oxen walked across the field, while a barefooted native controlled the course of the rooting by means of a three-foot bent stick lashed to the crotch of the fork. But if the people do not plough in Yankee fashion, they know how to make and use irrigating ditches. The fields were everywhere moistened (it was the dry season) by water taken from the many streams of the region.

At 10 c'clock we arrived at Sonsonate. People who object to the custom of stopping twenty minutes only for me its along the roads of the United States ought to go to Salvador. We stopped three hours for breakfast at Sonsonate. This may seem almost incredible, but that is the custom. I left my baggage in the depot and walked to the Pitters House because people had told me that it was an American hotel. I found it was owned by a Greek with a Salvador wife, and that not a soul about the house could talk Singlish. However, it was a clean place, and a breakfast of half a dozen courses, well served, made up for the lack of Yankees. The passengers devoted about half an hour to preparing for the breakfast and an hour and a half to eating it, and a half hour to getting on the train again. The only railway passengers on the American continent who are served with meals in a more comfortable manner than this are those who travel on vestibule trains in the United States and eat in dining cars.

Between Sonsonate and La Ceiba, the end of the railroad, there was but one incident of

her than this are those who travel on vestibule trains in the United States and eat in dining cars.

Between Sonsonate and La Ceiba, the end of the railroad, there was but one incident of the journey worth mention, and that seemed to interest no one on the train very much except the engineer, the fireman, and myself. A switch had been left open at a cro-swoad siding and our engine ran off the rails. We stopped very suddenly, and most of the passengers looked out of the window casually. Some few got out and walked about, as if for exercise, while half a dozen of us went to the engine. We found the engineer standing on the ground beside his machine swearing aloud in the Yankee dialect. No one should in any way approve profane language, but after one has travelled for weeks in Spanish America, he will not reprove an engineer who after a disaster relieves his mind in the American fidom of profanity. Indeed, I rather enjoyed it. It was emphatic and soulful—different from the "Carambas" and expletives of the natives there.

Having freed his mind, the engineer turned

"Carambas" and expletives of the natives there.
Having freed his mind, the engineer turned to the fireman, a native, who was impassively looking down from the tender, and said:
"Throw down the chunks."
Thereat the fireman threw down a lot of billets of wood all of a size, that looked as if they had been carried for the purpose, and with these the engineer made a plank road, so to speak, leading back to the rails. This done, he climbed back on the machine, threw the throttle wide open, and after a bit of snorting the locomotive backed up on the rails. Then the switch was set properly and away we went. The delay due to the accident was just fifteen minutes.

to choose between the mules and the stages, for the part of the road lying between La Ceiba and Santa Talea, a distance of eight miles. Finding a seat beside one of the stage drivers unsold I engaged it, and pretty soon, the seats inside having been filled, a lanky native, for all the world like a Yankee stage driver in looks and bearing, climbed up beside me, gave the mail under his feet a kick, picked up the lines, threw a kies at a brown-skinned, barefooted girl who was watching him from a salcon door at the end of the shed, and then, with a crack of a long whip and a chirrup to the mules, started the outfit up the road.

For a quarter of a mile it was a tame road. The grade was steen, and the dust was deep, but the driver was by no means worried by that. Neither were the passengers worried. The driver was cheerful, and even hilarious. He shouled to men and women in the houses along the way, he guyed a lone woman on horseback who had a small boy eervant trotting aiong afoot, and hanging on the borse's tail to help him up the hill. He flicked stray dogs with the lash of his whip, and when other sorts of amusement failed told short stories to the passengers which set everybody laughing.

After a little we got over the crest of a ridge

one passengers which set everyoody lauguing.

After a little we got over the crest of a ridge and found a long down grade before us. The driver got the brake under his foot and chirruped at the mules, who pricked up their cars and began to trot gently. This threw the dust up about us in suffocating fashion. A story the driver was telling was stopped short by a violent fit of coughing, and a moment later he lashed the mules into a galion, and away we went, swaying and bumping down the grade and throwing a rolling cloud of dust away behind us like the ariel smoke trail of an overburdened locomotive. The drivers on the old Cripple Creek stages could not have made a brayer show.

and throwing a rolling cloud of dust away pehind us like the ariel smoke trail of an overburdened locomotive. The drivers on the old Cripple Creek stages could not have made a braver show.

Then when we reached the foot of the next up grade we found another novelty. It was a steep grade, and the coach was heavy and full. The five mules were sleek but hay, so a yoke of oxen had been provided to help tow the outfit to the too of the ridge. An indolent, barefooted native swung the ox team into the road as the stage approached. A long rope from the yoke was made fast to the stage. This done, we leitered up the hill, while our driver let his lines hang slack and devoted all his attention to telling stories.

There was one noticeable architectural feature about the houses along the railroad outside of Sonsonale and along the stage route. Almost without exception they had the kitchen in front, facing the street, instead of behind. This was not a little remarkable, for elsewhere in Central America the women all seemed rather shy than otherwise when doing housework. Central America the women all seemed rather shy than otherwise when doing housework. Central America his without exceptions of the think that had they were women could be seen at work on the front porch, grinding hominy into dough for tottillas, boiling rice and beans, and doing all sorts of kitchen work common to the region, talking the while in animated fashion t, people passing along the street, to their neighbors in adjoining houses, and shouting to other freighbors across the highway. On no country road of Central America did see so much life and stir among the people. The Indians of this part of Salvador, from whom the inhabitants are descended, were very likely of different habits from ordinary American red men, who are invariably shy in the presence of strangers. However, this habit of cooking on the front porch is not without advantages. It promotes sociability at least.

At one spot along the stage route some hundreds of men were cutting a bed for

fare!"
At the suggestion of this friend I then made the acquaintance of the editor of the paper. I found him suffrely free to talk about both the workmen and the editorial.
"Are the men really volunteers as we understand that word in the United States?" said I.
"They are volunteers with a rope," said he with a smile.

eas, who puts them alive in such a shallow coop that they beat their heads against the sists above till the skin is worn off, and then leaves them without water for a day at a stretch.

We pulled out at 8 o'clock sharp. I observed that a large percentage of the passengers in the first-class car paid fare in cash, also that the conductor was the best dressed, as least the most expensively dressed, man I saw in the conductor was the best dressed, as least the most expensively dressed, man I saw in the country. He wore a profusion of gold geoing, His watch chain, for instance, was made of gold coins, and was long enough to reach across the breast. Perhaps here is as good a place as any to vay that the railroad is fity-three miles long, and that the (overnment bought it of the builders for \$1.460,000, and that by the latest report at hand it yielded a profit of \$52,982-may 3½ per cent. However, when I was over the line the road had not been paid for, and there was nothing to indicate that it ever would be paid for. Moreover, the permanent way and the rolling stock were badly run do sn.

The guess volunteers with a rope," said in the with a single, and there was no histograph of the with a smile. There was no blending about the twinters with the distinctions for branch for branch for the distinction of save deather. Still, some people of get drunk that the dottorial that it takes to produce the symptoms into according to action the value of san stable on serious control of san say that the small control of the san sould be the tentor of the san sould be the distinctions and control of the distinctions and control of san say that the stancing of the distinctions and produce and produce as any to a say that the railroad is fity-three miles long, and that the Government bought it of the builders for \$1.460,000, and that the Government bought it of the builders for \$1.460,000, and that the Government bought it of the builders for \$1.460,000, and that builders for \$1.460,000, and that builders for \$1.460,000, and that bu two stories high, and had large windows and doors and annexes and gables. But so long as changes of government can be effected there only by force of firearms, the two-foot window-less adobe wall is likely to remain the more popular style in house building.

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A berse-car railroad connects Santa Teclas with the capital. Here is what Bulletin No. 58 of the Bureau of American Republics, Washington, say; about this road:

The city of San Salvador has for some years been connected with the city of New San Salvador, or Santa Teclas, by a horse railroad ten miles in length, which is now being converted into a focument of the company which constructed it.

The cars on this road had stopped running for the day, when, soon after 6 o'clock, I reached Santa Tecla. The next morning at 7 o'clock I found three Yankee bobtailed cars, with four mules attached to cach, ready to make the first trip to the capital. The cars were all well loaded with people, bagsange, and garden truck, when, at 7:30, all three started together. The fare for the ten-mile run was 50 cents, with nothing extra for so much bagsage as man could carry. Some o'f the market women had bundles which occupied more floor space than they did, and the weight of some of the bundles must have been from 50 to 70 pounds.

An American electrician told me the horse-car road was to be replaced by a trolley line and that he had the work well advanced.

There were many confee plantations along the route, but these were not at all pleasing to the eye, The rows of trees were so close together that the tree tops interlaced they did not exceed seven feet apart. In Costa Rica twelve feet apart or more is now the rule. Moreover, not a single plantation was clean. On the other hand the sugar-cane fields were about the bestkept of any seen anywhere in Central America.

San Salvador, as a city, is one of the best capitals in Spanish America as a home for a foreigner, for the reason that it is supplied with an abundance of good water and because it is built on a table land 2,100 feet above the sea. It is a typical Central American town, with its central plaza full of flowers and its markets full to overflowing with venders and buyers, and its rectangular blocks of one-story houses that face the street with blank walls. But there are dra

water at various temperatures are run into the tubs by direct connection with natural oprings.

Another feature of the city is the National Theatre. An Italian opera company was in town when I was there. It had received a grant of \$40,000 from the Government. It is supported by the Government on the theory that a theatre serves to educate the nation. As a matter of fact it serves merely to amuse the Government officials and their friends. It is worth noting here, perhaps, that all Central American Governments are conducted by what the joo toos of New York would call the best people. The Juanitos and the Mignelltos—the Johnnies and the Mikes—the scraft aren't in it, so to speak.

The Ezetas were the rulers of Salvador when I was there. I saw the President and his wife on the street. They were guarded by a Colonel in full uniform. I think the Sedora was the handsomest woman I saw in Salvador, and the President himself was a man who showed intelligence and force of character. People told me he killed his predicessor in order to obtain office, and very likely he did so, since that is the course of politics in the region. They say he established himself in power by torturing his opponents, and a variety of other devilish devices, and I did not doubt the stories. But none of these things left a trace on his countenance. I should have supposed him entirely serence in mind if he had not kept a stalwart soldier handy by as a body grant.

IN. MONDAY, DECEMBER

force," says the bulletin already quoted, and that is true. I saw a good deal of the policemen, No one can avoid seeling them, because they are everythwere present. Every one of them carries a revolver of the largest size and American make. I spoke to one of the policemen about the beauty of the butt of his revolver, because he had inlaid it with bits of sliver. Thereat he handed the weapon to me! It was of the heaviest calibre and fully loaded. I asked him if he was skilful, and he replied that he had never fired it at anything, but he was confident he could hit a man with it two blocks away.

One of the interesting features of the city's commerce was the influence of Chinamen. There seemed to be no prejudice against the Chinese merchants, and they had monopolized the trade in silk and some other things as well. Their sales of silk at low prices had enabled them to destroy the trade of all other merchants handling such goods, except in shawis and rebosus, or scarfs, which the women there wear over their heads. The tariff on these articles was prohibitory. After seeing some of the hand-woven native rebosas, I guess that even the theorists who favor universal free trade would have said this particular tariff was justified. There was a savage mingling of colors with a purity and solidity of fibre about the native rebosas that made them superior to any silk product I saw in Spanish America. It would have been a great pity to drive the weavers of Salvador from their old wooden looms to the cane fields and coffee plantations, substituting for their products the weavers of shawador from the rold wooden looms to the cane fields and coffee plantations, substituting for their product he weighted and unartistic fabrics of the Chinese. Moreover, the Salvador silk making was a home industry in every sense. It was carried on hy families who attended to the product from the worms on the mulberry tree growing in the back yard to the weaving in the hand loom on the front veraids. The tariff, I believe, wa

for a long time when I arrived, on account of a slight tax that the Government had imposed. Imported beer sold at 50 cents a bottle everywhere.

Although aside from the subject of tariff it may as well be said here that the favorite drink of the rich people of Salvador was brandy, which sold for \$6 a bottle. Among the poor the favorite—in fact, the only drink worth mention—was native run, into which various fruits, such as pineapples and oranges and ilmes, were usually chopped. To the taste of a Yankee reporter, the poor folks had far and away the best and most wholesome drink, but it is a pity that the Spanish wine merchants in the old days of Spanish rule should have been able to throttle the beginnings of grape culture in all the regions of America that the Spaniards controlled. Chili and Argentine have outgrown the blight, and are now producing excellent wine, but in Central America grapes are almost entirely neglected.

While in Sania Tecla I met a man who had been in New York city long enough to learn our language perfectly. He was a civil engineer, and he told me he had taken a thorough course in his profession. So I asked him what had impressed him most on his arrival in New York. He replied:

"I remember very well. The first day I was there I called on an old friend who had an office in a tall building near the Produce Exchange, and he took me to lunch. We sat down at a table, and he ordered some things to eat and beer to drink. Pretty soon the mozo brought the order, including two glasses of beer, each of which held as much as that." The people of Salvador, and, in fact, nearly all the people of Central America, can be called hard drinkers, but not drunkards. They stop drinking when they feel themselves becoming intoxicated, but the number of glasses of brandy that it takes to produce the symptoms is something to astound the Yankee traveller. Still, some people do get drunk there. An average daily report of the arrests made by the police of San Salvador was copied from the Official Gazette, as follows

the plazze of a house there. A soldler then brought thirty whips—limbs of trees four feet long on the average, and as thick at the butt as a man's thumb. All being now ready, a Captain called a soldler from the line and ordered him to hit the sailor ten blows with a whip. The soldler did it in a perfunctory fashion. A second soldler then hit ten more blows in like fashion. The sailor did not even wiggle under the blows. Just then the General came from his office, and when a third soldler began to strike, the sailor wiggled. The General looked on until ten had been given and then ordered a Lieutenant to examine the sailor's clothing. It was found he had dressed for the occasion. He had on three shirt-like Jackets and two pairs of trousers. He was at once stripped to one thickness of cotton. This very plainly appealed to the sympathy of the soldlers, and the foorth man to wield a whip began to lay it on in very mild fashion.

"Hit harder," said the General.
The next blow was a little, but only a little, harder." (aramba!" said the General to the Cap-

"Hit harder," said the General.

The next blow was a little, but only a little, harder.

"Caramba?" said the General to the Captain. "Hit him to show him how," meaning that the Captain should hit the soldier. The Captain obeyed orders with a will. He fetched the soldier a whack with the flat of his sword that lifted the fellow, yelling, off the ground.

"Hit so," said the Captain, and this time the soldier obeyed the spirit of the order. The sailor writhed and yelled with each stroke, and thereafter the General had no cause of complaint. Soldier after soldier stepped from the ranks as ordered, bared his arm, and with a fresh whip, struck ten resounding blows, until 230, all told, had been given to the sailor. Then they ran the sailor over to the barracks and made him get into a tub full of water used for watering horses. The man hesitated about lying down in it as he was ordered to do, but a soldier hit him across the back with an iron ramrod from a musket, and then he ducked under with a groan. This done, he was taken jeto the barracks. Gen, Salazar told me he should send the sailor to the national penitentiary on an island in the Gulf of Fonseca for a year as soon as the wounds of the whipping were healed. He had the power to do it, and I have no doubt it was done. Article 19 of the Constitution of Salvador contains the following paragraph:

Penatters for life, flogging, and all kinds of torture

Paragraph:

Penalties for life, flogging, and all kinds of torture are forbidden.

Penalties for life, flogging, and all kinds of torture are forbidden.

If further comment on the Government as administered there be needed, it will be found in the following:

When I was getting ready to leave San Salvador a crippled little teacher of languages came to me on what he told the servant at the hotel was very important business. Entering my room, he apologized for offering any suggestions as to what I should say in The Sun about my visit to Salvador. He said:

"Ah, if some of the beople here have said southing against the Government—and some of them have very likely done so, they are so indiscrect—don't print it. Don't believe what they say. The President is really a very good man. Say all the pleasant things you can about the Government. It will make it easier for us to live here—ah—much casier than if you told the—ah—what others have probably told you."

you."
Last of all, when ready to take passage for Guatemala, I went to the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamsbip Company and bought a ticket.
"You will have to get a permit from Gen. Salazar before you can go on board," said the agent.
"Are all passengers obliged to do so?" said I.
"Certainly."
Article 13 of the Constitution provides:

All persons have the right to stay in whatever place they may deem advisable, to travel freely, to emigrato from the country, and to return to it without a pass-pert, except in a case of a flund judicial sentence. Having read that I went to the General and got the loss. Then I said:

"General, must every passenger get a pass from you, or only foreigners?"

"Every one. Our Constitution and our laws know no favoritism."

"General, your Constitution says that all persons have the right to emigrate and return without a passport. Why am I required to come to you for this pass?"

The General looked hurt, as it seemed to me, but he held out his hand to shake mine, and whi:

"I am very sorry some one has been telling you evil things of our Government. Do not believe them. I shall be very sorry to learn that you have gone away with the prejudices against us that other foreigners have shown."

THINGS IN THE THEATRES. POP ANSON IS A DISCIPLE OF DUSE

AND CAN'T HELP IT.

senomena of Sanlight as Observed in Several Plays—A Lawyer's Pica for the Protection of Javenile Performers—Behind the Scenes with the Glyptorams. Admirers of Eleonora Duse's acting, if they cannot wait for her return to New York, are ecommended to visit the American Theatre. There is a native exponent of realism in acting to be seen there. He should delight the hearts of audiences that want to see unexaggerated nature on the stage. If to step before the public and speak, move, and act just as a person does in real life constitutes a genius for the stage, then "Pop" Auson ought to be led up to he appears in the obvious oppression of a frock more easily in a baseball uniform, his efforts est resemblance to any style of acting ever witnessed. He sticks to nature throughout. The most thrilling moment of "A Runaway Colt" is when a servant hands to "Pop" a decanter of wine and a glass, with the invitation from trip to her house. "You must ask Mrs. Manners to excuse me," the captain is called upon crisis approached there was a justifiable fear realist might for the instant fall into some of the conventional old tricks of the stage and act a little bit. But he resisted the temptation that Mr. Hoyt's inspiring text held out. He deliv-

Mr. Hoyt's inspiring text held out. He delivered that moving rebuke in the same tone and with the same twang that he said everything else in the four acts, of the play, and it was plain that the new school was safe in his hands.

No situation dispelled the look of pained bewilderment that settled on his face in the first act and never left it. No stress of feeling drove him to emphasize one word more than another, or vary the inflection of his voice. It was not until he grabbed a baseball bat that his arms moved more than six inches from his body. As a realistic portrayal of a man who can't act, and doesn't propose to try. Anson's performance is a triumph. Suilivan and Corbett were bungling amateurs compared to him.

Anson's performance is a triumph. Sullivan and Corbett were bungling amateurs compared to him.

Mr. Hoyt has written more amusing plays than "A Runaway Colt." If he had not he would not be so well known to-day. But there are some speeches and scenes which are unmistakably characteristic of their author. "Were you an exhibitor at the Horse Show?" asks one of the characters. "Yes, in a way," is the reply. "I made an ass of myself there." There are other lines as true to the Hoyt formula of humor, which must be a fairly good one or it would not have been appreciated so long, and have produced so much entertainment from familiar material. A situation which closes the third act is an example of the Hoytian construction. One of the characters is a youth who bets his employer's money on a baseball game. He drops the ticket he holds as a receipt out of a window and it falls on an awning below. Anson lowers him on a rope, and as the young man is dangling in mid-air somewhere off the scene, ties the rope and makes the boy's sister hold it, while he brings in a lover whose addresses she had refused to listen to. But she must stand still and hear him or let go the rope which will let down the youth to the payement. Of course she listens.

No impressionist painter ever imagined such of Camille's villa at the close of the third act of the play on the opening night. It commenced in orange color, and after that light had bathed the stage for five or ten minutes, it was suddenly extinguished and a vivid indigo blue rettled over the scene. That was as suddealy followed by a vermilion glow. By this time the spectators would not have been sursome appropriate mottoes or pictures might be thrown on the scene, but this remarkable natural phenomenon came to an end with the ver-

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## LUNDBORG MAKES IT

in the centre of the frame for an instant, and TOO LOYAL TO THE MAYOR. then going on out of sight. The lights, which are intensely brilliant at the momentary stop, are shaded to almost complete darkness at the time when one group is disappearing at one wide, at which instant another is about to appear at the opposite side. The ingenious apparatus was shown to a SUN reporter. Back of the frame was seen the sliding carriage, or platform, on which the models are posed. Its

paratus was shown to a Sun reporter. Back of the frame was seen the sliding carriage, or platform, on which the models are posed. Its edge that is nearest to the footlights is five feet above the stage, and at the back slie it is a foot higher. The platform is in four sections, which are as one when their burden is in view from in front, but which are taken apart as they get beyond the frame. At the end of the track is an interlocking switch, which lets the platform down, one section at a time, to a track but a few inches above the floor. In dropping the platforms, a sufficient impetus is given to them to slide them across the stage, right under the track they have just come over, to a point where they are caught by an endless chain, which lifts them to the unper level, where they are again put into service. As each section gets safely out of sight, the models descend a short flight of steps to the stage, pass through a tran, and then return under the stace to the dressing rooms. The properties that the section holds are quickly removed, and the section them takes the backward Journey just described. As soon as it reaches the other side, it is again loaded with properties for the next tableau, another squad of models is posed, and it is soon again carrying a burden in sight of the audience.

In this duty it is propelled by electricity from a dyname and motor that are set near at hand. Back of all this the painted backgrounds are moved along with the tableaux. These are on a strip of canvas twenty-five feet high, and of sufficient length when rolled up to make a roll two feet thick. The drums upon which it is wound are mounted on ball bearings, so that, hency as they are, a slight pressure of the hand will start them revolving. An important feature is the lighting, and at many places on the stationary portions of the apparatus electric builts are put as thickly as they can be set. They are above and below, in front and behind the posers, each batch of them with its seemed to be his one ambition to complete this

New effort is to be made at Albany this winter to modify the statute which restricts the employment of children on the stage. "What is known as 'the children's law' has been very much misunderstood," said Abraham H. Hummel to a Sun reporter. Mr. Hummel is counsel for a number of managers who have to frequently obtain official consent to use children in plays, and so he was asked to explain the present situation. He continued: "Before the act tots in acrobatic feats of contertion, tumbling, and on the dangerous trapeze bars-in fact, the more perilous the feat the more attractive the entertainment. The talents of the young were subverted for free concert halls where liquor was sold, and where the habitues were the grossest of both sexes; although from time immemorial the very essence of the law always regarded children as its special trusts, and evidenced the greatest solicitude for the welfare of the child, its liberty, person, and property. In spite of this approved and timeworn legal principle, there was still lacking means to prevent inhuman parents from utilizing the child's ability for personal gain, with

stage manager who struggled for a long time to discover how a certain light effect in societ for several nights before he discovered that the light which fell on the table came from a very complicated arrangement against the make a certain position conspicuous, and this was accomplished by means of the light, the certain position conspicuous, and this was accomplished by means of the light, the certain position conspicuous, and this was accomplished by means of the light, the certain position of the sene, an interior, was "boxed," or enclosed on every side. It took close observation to discover that the placed against the background ad painted the color of the sene. In this was the light was not a part of the background, and painted the color of the sene. In this was the light with the produce of the sene in the was not a part of the background, and, in fact, a square box protruding from the security. This is only one instance of the care and long-assistants in order to secure the best effect for what may seem only an unimportant deal. Unluckily we estimate the value of such effects at no such light valuation, and consequently we are less accustomed to seeing them that are such as the light for what may seem only an unimportant deal. Unluckily we estimate the value of such effects at no such light valuation, and consequently we are less accustomed to seeing them that are such as the proposed of the care in the color of the sene and the color of the series, when the light, including the color of the color of the series when the light, including the color of the colo

The ocean storm had its centre for to the east of of the orean.

There was a storm forming north of Montana, as

official temperature, 42"; lowest, 20"; humidity,51 per cont.; wind northwest, average velocity 4 miles The thermometer at Perry's pharmacy, See build

Average on Dec. 15, 1994

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR MONDAY. winds; slightly cooler.

For eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New

generally fair, but cloudy in the evening; winds

BEDGES BECOMES A FREE

WILL TOBACCO EATER. Insect O'Connor Reports the Circumstance

and Wants to Know What Tobacce I Made For, Any Way, If Not to Be Eates "Say, you peop t'inks you're funny, dontcha? snorted Insect O'Connor as he drifted into THE Sun office last night. The Insect was something of a stranger. It will be remembered that be fore the last campaign he informed the Repub lican citizens of the town about the gold brick that had been got ready for them by Charles Stewart Smith of Stamford and forty-nine other gentlemen, some of them residents and some of them not. When, in spite of his warning, the Republican citizens stepped into the trap and bought the gold brick he retired from active politics for the time being and became a simple observer. But, of course, he couldn't stay re tired, and for a week now he has been noticed flitting in and out of the office of " His Joblots, as he calls the Mayor, so frequently that rumor has been spreading that he had be taken with the Ohio idea and was going to help Mr. Strong nominate his friend, Mr. McKinley for President of the United States. Be that a it may, it very quickly developed after he struck THE SUN office that he had come to de-

fend the Mayor.

"You peop t'inks you're funny, dontcha?"
he repeated, "makin' fun o' his jobiots 'cause
he cats tobacco. Wasn't tobacco made t'est? 'N' if 'twasm'tmade t' eat what for was it made t'
'N' if it was made t' eat what inell you kickin'
about? "Say," went on the Insect, cooling down
a bit, "his joblot's me frien'. Cheese it, wontcha? He's good peop'. 'N' besides, what's d'
harm if he does eat tobac'? He's been eath' is
forty years. Say, uppen Cape Cod da tells me
da eat codfish every day 'n' da been eath' is
forty years. Why dontcha t'ump dem peop' for
d' codfish habit? 'N' da eats beans in Boston
Why dontcha t'ump dem peop' for d' beas
habit? 'N' da eat scrap iron in Philadelphia,
Why dontcha t'ump dem peop' for d' scrap-jron
habit? Is tobac' any worse 'n beans 'n' seran
iron 'n' codfish? Say, me 'n' his joblots is t'iok,
'n' he says t' me, 'Insec', ole man, he
says, 'Insec', ole man, da ain't nuthin' what
d' papes say dat hurts only dis, Say, Innec',
ole man, he says, 'let tobacce for forty year.
'n' how kin an ole man like me swear off? Is
hurts, Insec', it makes d' ole man meep 'n'
t'row fits,' 'n', d' ole man ain't no dummy
chucker when se t'rows fits. 'Insec', he says,'
'it's as close t' me,' he says, 'give up makin'
McKinley President as give up eatin' tobacco,
he says. 'N' then he leans over t' Job 'n' says;
'Job, ole man, len' me your plug a minute,
wontcha? 'N' Job he len's him his plug.''

"You don't mean to say that Job eats tobacco,
too, do you, Mr. O'Connor?' asked the reporter.
The Insect turnead three different colors is
rapid succession. Then he demanded angrily:
"Who in 'll said i did?"

"Woo in 'll said i did?"

"No in 'll said i did?"

"You don't mean to say that Job eats tobacco,
to, do you, man till deat', 'n' he ought i'
hus creace and in the says.' 'll on' take he
uses if Job 'N' if it was made t' eat whatinell you kickin' about? "Say," went on the Insect, cooling down

The Concert at the Metropolitan. The variation last night from the usual cours of the Sunday night concerts in the Metropoli-tan Opera House, in the presentation of the most notable of the Rossini "Stabat Mater" excerpts, proved very successful and pleasing, The great array of notable soloists, headed by

Nordica, attracted the largest audience that has attended the concerts this season. All the boxes in the grand tier were occupied, and every other The first half of the concert was of miscel aneous music. The orchestra played Meyer

The first half of the concert was of miscellaneous music. The orchestra played Meyerbeer's "Prophet" march, the prelude to the third act, and the dance and procession from the "Meistersinger," and the quaint and charming ballet suite of Delibes' "Coppelia." Plançon, Mme. Traubmann, and Signor Raschmann sang each a solo number, and, of course, each received the inevitable encore.

Plançon was heard to fine advantage in the smooth, mellow cadences of the old-rashloned music of Haydn's "With Joy the Impatient Husband," and Traubmann and Kaschmann deserved well the generous applance they received, the former for the "Leise, Leine" aris, from "Der Freischitz," and the latter for Schumann's "Pater Marianus" aria, from "Faust." In the "Stabat Mater" selections Mme. Novelica, Miss Gertrude May Stein, MM. Maugière and Plançon were the soloists, and the choral music was sung by the full chorus of the Metropolitan company.

The excerpts were those familiar at all concert presentations of Rossini's somewhat operatic setting of the great Latin hymn, and the rendition was practically all that could be asked.

Nordica sang the "Inflammatus," with chorus and orchestra, as she always sings it, with a fulness and perfection of tone that rouses the audience to a great fervor of applause.

The other excerpts, the "Cujus Animam," "Pro Peccatis," and "Fao ut portem" solos; the "Sancta Mater, istud agas" quartet, and the "Quis est Homo?" duct were all equally well done.

Next Sonday night the "Messiah" is to be performed, with Nordica and Brema, Galloway and Wainoeffer as soloists, and a chorus of 300 voices from the Euterpe Society of Brooklyn, and, of course, the Metropolitan orchestra, under Seidl.

Arion Concert.

In order to get a reserved seat at an Arion concert one needs not only to have a coupon but to present it before the performance begins, for the Arion Club has discovered an effective method of discouraging interruptions from late arrivals by filling in all unoccupied seats just

method of discouraging interruptions from late arrivals by filling in all unoccupied sasts just before the opening number begins, an easy matter, since the concerts are always crowded. The second concert of the season, given last night, was no exception to this rule. A crowd that filled the big, bright concert hall to the doors and beyond listened to a programme of the character which this singing society has made so popular. The choral numbers were German, three of the four being in the order of folk-song rendered without instrumental accompaniment.

The soloists were Frau Hastreiter, soprano, and Herr Blumenberg, violoncello. There was also a solo quartet, and an efficient oronestra of fifty five pieces was under the direction of Herr Julius Lorenz. Frau Hastreiter sang acceptably an aria from Vaccal's "Romeo and Juliet" and from Gluck's "Orpheus." Herr Blumenberg's three 'cello numbers were charmingly given, and the orchestra appeared to particular advantage in the intermexzo from "I Pagliacci" and selections from Humperdinck's dainty fairy music. But the chief attraction of the evening was the singing of the Arion chorus. An "Aldeutches Spinniled," by Soiffert, was finely given, as were also two little lieder, "Roddon, wann bilhist Du aut?" and "Liebchen nur geschwinde." The only classical number they gave was the "Winzerchor" from Lisz's "Frometheus," with solo quartet and orchestra.

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